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four illustrations; A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the author of "Fair Gartney's Girlhood," one illustration; The First May Flowers, by Kate Putnam, one illustration; Mother Magpie's Mischief, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, one illustration; Spring Song, by Rose Terry; The Four Seasons, by Lucretia Hale, four illustrations; A Tennessee Farm House, by J. T. Trowbridge, one illustration; The Dew Fairies, by Margaret T. Cady, one illustration; Round the Evening Table, with various illustrations, and "Our Letter Box."

THE BIRD'S QUESTION.

Behind us at our evening meal
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing
And go to sleep";—but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Our very readable contemporary, the *Home Journal*, lately gave copies of three original notes from three eminent men which, to some extent, merit the title of literary curiosities. A gentleman and scholar, deeply interested in the subject of education, prepared a work on it, and desiring to enlist in the cause those who, by their prominent position, might win for it a favorable hearing, solicited permission to dedicate his book to Lord Brougham, one of the greatest students of the age. The veteran orator and publicist declined in the following suggestive note:

"GRAFTON STREET, LONDON,
August 2d, 1841. }

"Lord Brougham presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and thanks him for his kind inten-

tion; but is under the necessity of declining the honor which he proposes to him, and begs he would dedicate his work to some one who would be likely to have it more in his power to assist in its circulation, as the subject is one of very great importance.

"C——T F——G——N, Esq."

Sir Robert Peel was next approached, and he, too, in a very business style, declined.

"DRAYTON MANOR, Augt. 3rd, 1841.

"SIR,—I trust that you will excuse me, if in conformity with the principles on which I act in similar cases, I beg leave respectfully to decline the compliment which you propose in your note of the 31st July.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"C. F——N, Esq."

Not disheartened, the individual who had the work to dedicate, laid siege to the old hero, the Duke of Wellington, but he had taken a vow against the encroachments of dedicators.

"WALMER CASTLE, August 11th, 1841.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. F——n, and has received his note.

"About twenty-six years have elapsed since the Duke found himself under the necessity of resolving that he would never give a formal permission that any work whatever should be dedicated to him. He has never departed from that resolution.

"He is much concerned that he cannot accept the honor proposed to him" by Mr. F——n.

"C——T F——N, Esq."

These notes are really interesting, because they are very characteristic. No one can fail to perceive the advantage of the literary man over the political leader and the military chief. "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington's" note is a very mighty affair, full of "pomp and circumstance." Peel's is a formally, cold, polite, and political "don't bother me," but Brougham's is a warm and kindly production, showing appreciation of the subject, and a desire to further it. No notes were ever more strikingly characteristic, and it is pleasant to see the superiority of head and heart displayed by the literary man in contrast to even the first soldier and most prominent statesman of the day in Great Britain.

Some time ago the rumor was prevalent in London literary circles that Alfred Tennyson stood in a fair way of being created a baronet by Queen Victoria. The fact that the latter had been "very much touched" by the laureate's dedication of "The Idyls of the King" to his lady mistress; and that the stock phrases with which the memory of Prince Albert is popularly associated, such as "Great and Good," "Silent Father," and so forth, were supplied by it, gave some additional room for speculation on the realization of the rumor.

Canvassing the said rumor, the "Flaneur" of the London *Star* furnished some little reminiscences of another literary gentleman who received a baronetcy, and between whom and the laureate have passed some "paper pellets." Should the dignity be conferred, (says he), Sir Alfred will be like his own Sir Walter, "no little lily-handed baronet," but "a great, broad-shouldered, genial-Englishman." To the word "genial" one may say "query." Sir Alfred Tennyson will be the second living writer on whom a baronetcy has been conferred for his genius, and how pleased the other literary baronet will be! I wonder, when the news comes

ringing through the avenue at Knebworth, whether Sir E. B. L. will remember how in his "New Timon" he wrote about

"The jingling melody of purloined conceits,
Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,"

How he talked about "School miss Alfred," and complained that the government "pensions Tennyson while it starves a Knowles." I imagine he will not have forgotten the reply!—the delicious epithet—"the padded man that wears the stays"—

"Who killed the girls and kicked the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote;
A Lyon, yes, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en pampillottes*."

He will remember how it was declared that "half his little soul was dirt," how one saw the "old marks of rouge upon his cheeks," &c. Oh! if ever these two literary Barts. are brought together, what a happy meeting it will be!

In the course of a lengthy article on Savage's "Faith and Fancy," the *Nashville Republican Banner* gives a glimpse of the author, which naturally commands a niche in our literary personal column:

"In the palm and high noon of old Washington, when clubs were allowable and people had not learned to hate each other as they do now-a-days—society possessed no one more favorite or more brilliant than John Savage. He was a young Irishman, and found his way to America without going round-about through Van Dieman. Arrived in New York, he devoted himself to art and literature, ran away with the daughter of a commodore, printed a history and a book of verse, and finally was called to the capital to do the leading writing upon the most versatile, spirited, and ill-fated newspaper ever published in that city. As a journalist, he combined a variety of qualifications—a bright, vigorous, and flexible style, a keen, and acute observance, amazing industry, and availability. His leading editorials, his piquant paragraphs, his gossiping sketches were alike notable, readable, and effective. But he was most showy as a convivialist—sang the best and rarest of Irish songs—told the choicest and freshest stories—with the culture and chastity of a scholar, poet, and gentleman. He was a dramatist, too, as well as a man of the world—a wit, without being a wag. His plays, especially one of them—kept the boards sufficiently to class him among successful writers for the stage. In short, he had no superior for brilliancy and versatility at that time, and was fortunate enough to escape the ordeal of excessive lionization, unspoiled." As a poet, the critic judges Mr. Savage with generous but analytical approval. He thinks "Faith and Fancy" a sound book of poems, with "a deal more of healthful tone and out-door vigor in the composition than one finds commonly at present." "Shane's Head," "Washington," "Dreaming by Moonlight," and the series of "Winter Thoughts" especially attract the writer's commendation. Of the latter, he says: "The first, 'The Dead Year,' is the truest specimen of the peculiar kind of writing it represents that we remember. Nothing could be more complete, more chaste, or more thoughtful—full of rich and reflective, yet simple illustration—than the charming reverie of winter. Its fellow pictures are as delicate, though perhaps none of them contain the same amount of brief and epigrammatic vigor of idealism and expression. We regard it as better than similar pieces of Longfellow and Tennyson—more natural, less eccentric—as full of meaning as feeling."

Amongst the most popular of recent books abroad has been Mr. Moëns' account of his cap-